

JESUS WAS HANGING THERE WITH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED

By Rick McKinney, Good Friday, 2019

Outside the walls at the Place of the Skull,
Within sight of the pinnacle of the Temple,
And below the inscription, "The King of the Jews,"
Jesus was hanging there with arms outstretched.

Above that cruel hammer and those extra nails,
Above the soldiers who stripped him bare,
And as they divided and cast lots for his clothes,
Jesus was hanging there with arms outstretched.

Above the mocking scribes and chief priests,
Above the jeering crowd and the passing pilgrims,
And as he prayed, "Father forgive them;"
Jesus was hanging there with arms outstretched.

Above the weeping women at a distance,
Above the aching gaze of his mother,
And as he told her, "Behold your son,"
Jesus was hanging there with arms outstretched.

As he labored between two dying criminals,
As the cold darkness covered the land,
And as he cried out, "My God, my God, why,"
Jesus was hanging there with arms outstretched.

As he received vinegar mixed with gall,
As he petitioned, "Father into your hands,"
And as he breathed his last,
Jesus was hanging there, with arms outstretched.